

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN TRADE.

ENDEAVOR to be perfect in the calling you are engaged in; and be assiduous in every part thereof;—INDUSTRY being the natural means of acquiring *Wealth, Honor, and Reputation*,—as IDLENESS is of *Poverty, Shame, and Disgrace*.

Lay a good foundation in regard to principle. Be sure not wilfully to overreach or deceive your neighbor; but keep always in your eye the golden rule of *Doing as you would be done unto*.

Be strict in discharging all legal debts. Do not evade your creditors by any shuffling arts, in giving notes under your hand, only to defer payment: but, if you have it in your power, discharge all debts when they become due.—Above all, when you are straitened for want of money, be cautious of taking it up at an high interest. This has been the ruin of many, therefore endeavor to avoid it.

Endeavor to be as much in your shop or warehouse, or in whatever place your business properly lies, as possibly you can. Leave it not to servants to transact: for customers will not regard them as yourself; they generally think they shall not be so well served: besides, mistakes may arise by the negligence or inexperience of servants; and therefore your presence will prevent, probably, the loss of a good customer.

Be complaisant to the *Meanest*, as well as to the *Greatest*. You are as much obliged to use good manners for a farthing as a pound; the one demands it from you as well as the other.

Be not too talkative, but speak as much as is necessary to recommend your goods; and always observe to keep within the rules of decency. If customers slight your goods, and undervalue them, endeavor to convince them of their mistake, if you can, but not affront them. Do not be pert in your answers, but with patience hear, and with meekness give an answer; for if you affront in a small matter, it may probably hinder you from a future good customer. They may think that you are dear in the articles they want; but, by going to another, may find it not so, and probably may return again; but if you behave rude and affronting, there is no hope either of returning, or their future custom.

Take great care in keeping your accounts well. Enter every thing necessary in your books with neatness and exactness; often re-visit your accounts, and examine whether you are in or lose; and carefully survey your stock, and inspect into every particular of your affairs.

Take care, as much as you can, whom you trust. Neither take nor give long credit; and at the farthest, annually settle your accounts.

Deal at the fountain-head for as many articles as you can; and, if it lies in your power, for ready money. This method you will find to be the most profitable in the end. Endeavor to keep a proper sortment in your way, but not overstock yourself. Aim not at making a great figure in your shop in unnecessary ornaments, but let it be neat and useful; too great an appearance may rather prevent than engage customers. Make your *business* your pleasure, and other entertainments will only appear necessary for relaxation therefrom.

Strive to maintain a *fair character* in the world; that will be the best means for advancing your credit, gaining you the most flourishing trade, and enlarging your fortune. Condescend to no mean action, but add a lustre to trade, by keeping up to the dignity of your nature. [European Mag.]

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of WHO and WHICH.

SHEWETH,

‘That your petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, we speak it with sorrow, even You yourself, whom we should suspect of such a practice the last of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having given us some cause of complaint. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, until the jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, *That THAT that noble Lord urged*; which if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, *That WHICH that noble Lord urged*. Senates themselves, the guardians of *British* liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every body, *WORD, and thing*, we find ourselves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us; *Our Father* *WHICH art in Heaven*, should be, *Our Father* *WHICH art in Heaven*; and every day in the use of *CONVOCA- TION*, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our general confession we say—*Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their faults*, which ought to be *WHO confess their faults*. What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges.

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‘The Spanish proverb says, *Il fabio muda consejo, il necio no*; i. e. *A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will*. So that we think you, Sir, a very proper person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your judgment. You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain. [From the Spectator.]

THE STUDY OF GREEK RECOMMENDED.

(From the Pursuits of Literature.)

AS I am speaking of Philosophy, I may be excused if I say a few words of that language, in which its power has been most conspicuous. I see no more pedantry in the knowledge and study of the Greek tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I consider that every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society in its most cultivated state, has there found the highest authors: that the principles of composition are better taught and more fully exemplified than in any other language; that the Greek writers are the universal legislators in taste, criticism, and just composition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors; I would with a peculiar emphasis and earnestness request young men of fortune, ability, and polished education, not to cast off the study of the Greek writers, when they leave school, or the university. A few hours devoted to this study in every week will preserve and improve their knowledge. It will animate the whole mass of their learning, will give colour to their thoughts and precision to their expressions.—There is no necessity either to quote or to speak Greek; but the constant perusal of the historians, philosophers, orators, and poets will be felt and perceived. In parliament and at the bar it would be most conspicuous, and who are wise will secretly at and prepare to pay the debt of gratitude, which man owes to heaven's great tender? ceeds from long

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ON THE DIFFERENT FASHIONS.

In an Italian book printed a century ago, there is this story of a fool, who went about the streets naked, carrying a piece of cloth upon his shoulders. He was asked by some one, why he did not dress himself, since he had the materials? ‘Because,’ replied he, ‘I wait to see in what manner the fashions will end. I do not like to use my cloth for a dress, which

in a little time will be of no use to me, on account of some new fashion."

Since that time the rapid changes of fashion have so augmented, that what was then told as a fool's reply, might now pass as the mature reflection of a wise man.

Who would believe there has been an age, in which the eye-brows growing together was admired and praised as a perfection in ladies. It is however a fact attested by Anacreon, who boasted of this charm in his mistress. Theocritus, Petronius, and several of the ancients, also notice it. Ovid informs us, that in his time the ladies painted between their eye-brows, that they might appear to be united. It is still considered as beautiful, I believe, among the Grecians and Persians.

There was a time when it was fashionable for gentlemen to have thick legs; this dropical fashion, however, gave way to a consumptive one, and thin legs were for a time all the rage.

To what height has not fashion carried its tyranny? There has been a period when it has influenced the health; it was not becoming to be healthy; it was considered as indicative of being a low, vulgar person.

At another time the vapours were in vogue, and it was thought a mark of good breeding to have them excessively.

Various are the forms which ladies head-dresses have assumed at different periods; and to what whims has not the fashion of the hair been subjected?—Sometimes dressed high, then low, platted, to hang in tresses, and sometimes close up to the head, and it has been even cropped round.

Most of the fashions, however, in dressing, which have been considered by the ladies as new, may be seen on old medals to have been the dresses of the ancient empresses.

(The following paragraphs are selected from the works of Saint Pierre.)

COMPLAINTS have always been made that the unworthy frequently enjoy the gift of fortune, while the virtuous are destitute. We are often incorrect in our estimate of merit; not so much that we over rate ourselves, as that we undervalue others; and this results not from injustice, but from ignorance. But virtuous persons are sometimes destitute not only of the blessings of fortune, but of those of nature: To this, says Saint Pierre, I reply, that their misfortune often turns to their advantage. When the world persecutes them, they are generally driven into some illustrious career. Misfortune is the road to great talents, or to blind to great virtues, which are for ever obscured. "Or, feeling as I do, is not in your power," is preferable. "To be a natural philosopher, a poet, an orator, a mathematician; but it is in your power to be virtuous, which is better than all."

Every thing in nature is a fess of concatenation. Frequently the most thing observation leads to the most important discoveries. A little piece of iron, that turns toward the north, guides fleets through the trackless depths of the ocean; and a reed of unknown species, cast upon the beach of the Azores, led

Christopher Columbus to imagine the existence of the American world.

The length of an animal's life is sometimes proportioned to the duration of the vegetable that nourishes it. A number of caterpillars come into life and die with the leaves on which they feed. There are insects that exist only five hours, such as the ephemera. This species of fly, about half the size of the little finger, is produced from a fluviatic worm that is found at the mouths of rivers particularly, on the waters edge, in the mud, where it digs for subsistence. This worm lives three years, and at the end of this period, about Midsummer-day, it changes, almost suddenly, into a fly, which appears in the world at six o'clock in the evening, and dies at eleven at night.

From the PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"The heart of the foolish is like a cart wheel."

IF this be the fact, and the wise man accurate in his similitude, what myriads of wheels roll in this, our rolling world!

As it is the privilege of Preachers to paraphrase their text, and extort meanings, that will slide easily into the train of their own sentiments; I shall choose to understand the word *foolish*, as not only intended to indicate weak, but giddy and unstable men. This definition being granted, and it is not so far fetched, as many, which my fellow labourers, John Flavel and Matthew Henry have framed, what greater affinity can be found between two things, apparently unlike, than a hypochondriac writer, and a cart wheel? Such a splenetic author as the Lay Preacher, for instance, restless, and whose labours are in regular rotation, moves through the ruts of life, creaking and complaining of obstructions in the way, and, when the daily drudgery is done, is left, by the inattention of mankind, without a shelter, or sunk into a slough.

A very ancient moralist, who published his wisdom in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, introduces, somewhere in his works, an aged fire, complaining of the clandestine nuptials of his daughter. As the height of his misfortune, the disappointed parent laments, that his darling should espouse a fickle foreigner, and, as it is expressed in the quaint style of that age, 'Tye her fortunes to an extravagant, and wheeling stranger. A romantic adventurer, continually shifting his situation, exposed to the temptations and vices of various regions, and, like the Dove of Noah, perpetually seeking, and never finding a settlement, must be grossly deficient in that uniformity of character, necessary to the happiness of marriage. Be on

guard, therefore, ye parents, when your daughters are solicited to wedlock, by those, who are commonly called *unsteady* men, lest haply ye find them *wheeling*. The heart of a husband, that is like a cart wheel, will, in some of its unaccountable and wild rotations, be turned away from its duty or affections to the wife.

Advice to women, must be supposed most disinterested in the Lay Preacher. The reasons are obvious; he has, in a former sermon,

hinted that he was full of years, and, moreover, from the gravity and restraint of his profession, cannot approach, even the female cheek, but with the salute of a Saint, or the kiss of Charity. He, therefore, entreats the daughters of the land, not to confound prudery with virtue, not to follow, with too strict observance, the changes of fashion, nor to be too ambitious of the artifice of coquetry, for all these things assimilate a woman to a wheel, whirling at a prodigious rate.

There is more hope of a fool, than of that various creature, commonly called a universal genius. Eager for novelty, and a stranger to perseverance, he goes on from one project to another, from art to art, and from science to science, round and round like a cart wheel. — In the younger part of my life, I knew a man of the above description; I think his name was Schemer. If he happened to hear a veteran colonel talk of the siege of Louisbourg, he would buy military books, and dream of drums and trumpets. In the midst of these warlike preparations, he received a letter from his brother, a lawyer, informing 'that he had gained his great land cause, at the last superior court.' Schemer sold his cartouch box, and read Law for—two days. Jaded with the obscurity of this study, his restless mind demanded something new, and he listened with delight to the tale of an East-India Captain, who painted the profits of factorship, and the brilliancy of 'Barbaric pearl and gold.' In short, to recount all his labours, would tire even the long-winded Jeremy Taylor. He spent his life in endless changes; he had, at different times, horses saddled for journeys to every part of the continent, and the departure of many an outward bound vessel was delayed by this projecting passenger. I lived with him a month, and witnessed the variety of his pursuits. He might be found, in the morning, busy to invent some short cut to the temple of science, at noon he would be examining the wheels of a watch, and at night, making a mouse trap. His life was the perpetual motion, and his palpitating heart, and whirling head, were, in very deed, like a cart wheel.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

"Be not among wine bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh."

LUXURY is an evil whose fatal effects have been registered in the annals of every age and country. It is the destroyer of public tranquillity and the poison of domestic happiness. It enervates the corporeal system of its votary, an often prepares the way for an untimely dilution. It is no less a foe to the mind than to the body. It deadens all the energies of genius by confining it in the dungeon of sensuality.

his bane of felicity is conspicuous among nations as well as individuals. In the eastern world its effects can be traced with the greatest facility. There luxury long since attained its summit, and was a principal agent in causing the downfall of the most renowned states and empires of antiquity. Italy is a striking

picture of its ravages. From the time that Romulus encircled the Palatine Mount, and assumed royal honors, for a succession of ages, the Romans enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity. All were engaged in supporting the public weal. Success and glory attended their arms; peace and unanimity dwelt in their councils. Luxury was then unknown, but frugality was encouraged, and industry reaped her golden harvest.

The Romans by avoiding dissipation, and inuring themselves to scenes of hardihood and toil, became able to perform those bold achievements, the relation of which will ever strike the human mind with admiration and astonishment. But, during the reigns of the seven monarchs, the nation rose from a state of barbarism to only a small degree of civilization. In this stage of society it is difficult for the half-refined being to divest himself of all his savage customs. At such a period we must look for the perpetration of some enormous crimes. Such crimes we find. One base, inhuman deed, committed by a royal personage, at once, dethroned the sovereign, and caused an abolition of the regal power. But this sudden revolution did not check the growing gloom of Rome.

The consular office, which immediately succeeded the kingly, was often filled by men of the most distinguished abilities and the most consummate valor. Many of them were patriots indeed. Their properties and lives were willingly devoted to the general good. Luxury never enfeebled their bodies or debased their minds.

They were not the friends of pride or venality. They were noble-souled veterans, who, after leading their countrymen to conquest and glory, could cheerfully resign the splendors of power and retire to a small inheritance to spend their evening of life in cultivating the soil. The lower ranks of mankind always take patterns from the great; and the examples of industry, temperance and probity, exhibited by Cincinnatus, Fabricius and Regulus, ought to render their names more dear to the world than those of an Alexander, a Cæsar or a Cor-tes.

Luxury was approaching Rome in the early ages of the Republic. Hannibal experienced its effects. For that brave, but unfortunate warrior, by indulging his army a few weeks in riot and dissipation, lost more soldiers, than by the hazardous undertaking of crossing the Rhone, the Pyrennes and the Alps. His hardy troops were suddenly transformed into feeble debauchees, unable to sustain the assaults of the Roman legions. Such are the fruits of luxury; but Rome knew them not, till her wealth was greatly increased, till the opulent cities, Carthage, Corinth and Numantia were levelled to the ground.

Long before this period the arts and sciences were cultivated and such advances were made in them, as do honor to that enterprising nation. Agriculture, commerce and the cruel arts of war all received surprising improvement. Much attention was likewise given to those mild arts, which tend to improve the

manners, meliorate the passions, and render mortal existence desirable. A thirst for learning had become universal, and a knowledge of letters was almost the only road to preferment. New and pleasing prospects daily opened to the view of the historian, the poet and the orator. Every essay towards the advancement of literature was loaded with applause.

At this time the armies of the Republic were invincible. Their renown was extensive. Their illustrious generals and daring soldiers had spread war and victory half round the globe. Distant kings and nations bowed to Roman greatness. But this uncommon prosperity was of short duration. Their numerous conquests had collected immense riches. Streams of wealth, flowing from the subjugated kindoms of Europe, Asia and Africa, all concentrated in Rome the metropolis of the world.

The empire had now reached its zenith and begun its declension. Opulence introduced the deadly poison. Luxury, with all its hateful train, made its appearance in the state. Idleness usurped the place of industry, and profusion of temperance. Riot, cruelty and discord, the legitimate offspring of dissipation, were seen in all their frightful forms. A spirit of pride and avarice was excited. Towns, cities, and sometimes even whole provinces, were ravaged to satiate the desires of a single man. Riches were the only criterion of greatness. Every thing was venal. The most important offices were bestowed on the most rich, not the most meritorious. Thus the empire proceeded in its downhill course, till at length it became the prey of a barbarous foe.

Some weeks ago a request was sent to a certain lady for a few apples for a gentleman who was then dangerously sick. The prudent woman, finding the pay was not sent, hesitated a number of minutes, but at length said, 'she would give two or three, but only on this condition, that if the gentleman died the apples should be returned!'

"Illa vivit? imo, sed oportet mori."

FARRAGO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. A. is entitled to our thanks for the bundle of papers he lately transmitted to the Editor. The essays they contain are, in general, too prolix to be admitted into the Tablet. We shall make some extracts from them.

PHILO is solicited to continue his favors.

If COELIUS intends to furnish us with a continuation of his 'Idyl,' he is requested to do it immediately.

Has the 'CATERER' removed his quarters? or is he weary of being a literary confectioner?

A. H.'s style is truly Della Cruscan. No one could have been more happy in the use of 'cold fear, or brown ey'd reverence.' We expect his next production will be ornamented with 'green-fac'd anger, yellow pain, speckled sympathy,' &c. &c.

We have long expected to hear from 'DIEGO.' Has he forgotten us? or does his professional business monopolize all his attention?

Mr. LAW, the celebrated Teacher of vocal music is now instructing in this vicinity.

Eight or ten more young ladies can be admitted into the Ladies' School in this place, if application is made before the third Monday in June, after which time none will be received. Board may be obtained for one dollar and fifty cents a week.

Several complaints have been recently made, that distant subscribers do not regularly receive the numbers of the TABLET. We know not the cause. They are, immediately after being freed from press, enclosed, directed to subscribers, and sent to the Post-Office. And is it probable that any Postmaster would detain them?

The scholar, says Ganganelli, should so arrange his affairs as to leave off, till another time, when he finds himself no longer inclined to study. He should not labor like the ox that is yoked to the plough, nor like the mercenary, who is paid by the day.

ORDAINED,

At Windsor, (Ver.) on Wednesday last, the Rev. Mr. FOWLER.

MARRIED,

In London, the Earl of Ormford, to Miss Clarke, daughter of Price Clarke, Esq. This Lady who is only sixteen, has a fortune of *Eighty Thousand Pounds in Cash*, and a clear *Estate of Eighteen Thousand Pounds per annum!*

In Shirley, Dr. Amos Parker, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Whitney, daughter of the Rev. Phineas Whitney.

In Boston, Mr. Samuel Clark, to Miss Rebecca P. Hull, daughter of Gov. Hull, of the Michigan Territory.

Reflections in a Burying Ground.

HERE is the last stage of life's journey; the collective rendezvous of suffering mortals. Here is a safe retreat from the barbed shafts of malice, from pointed perils, and from misery's rod. Here, after noble and ignoble views, after pursuing every flattering object, we find the issue of them all. Here from servile bondage and oppression's iron hand, rests the wretched slave. Here he forgets his galling chain, and with his lordly tyrant sleeps equally accommodated. Here moulder together the oppressor and the injured, the meanly saving and the riotous profuse. Here prostrate in dust lay the degraded relics of soaring mortals! Ought we not then to reflect on the transient vision of terrestrial greatness, and prepare to pay the momentary loan of heaven's great tender?

DIED,

In England, Lord George Lenox; the Earl of Chatham succeeds him as Governor of Plymouth. Jacob Bryant, Esq. aged 89, author of the immortal works on mythology.

In Prussia, the Queen Dowager of Prussia, aged 84.

In Kentucky, Mr. Moses M. Fisk, who graduated at Dartmouth College in 1802.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

S P R I N G.

LO, Spring returns with all her beaut'ous train,
The happy parent of a thousand joys ;
To trace the charms which cheer th' extended
plain, [ploys.
Each, with delight, the pleasing hour em-
As stern-ey'd winter flies with quick'ning pace,
Fair Nature's scenes engage the wond'ring
view ;
The vocal throng with all their wonted grace,
Their cheerful strains in unison renew.
The swain, exulting in the happy change,
Views the dark streams which purest pleas-
ures bring ;
And all enraptur'd as thro' the fields they range,
With transport, hail, the sweet return of Spring.
A. G. L.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

If you think the following lines worthy, you have
liberty to insert them in the 'Literary Tablet.'

PHILO.

BRIGHT Phœbus from the torrid zone,
Approaching, lengthens out the day ;
And grants from his refulgent throne,
To torpid life, the genial ray.

Rude Boreas, with his fields of frost,
Recedes from ev'ry hill and plain ;
Where late all vital powers were lost,
Those vital powers revive again.

Come genial warmth, come joyful showers,
Enrobe our clime in vernal green ;
Thro' ev'ry vale call up the flowers,
And let each fruitful herb be seen.

Give us the tuneful birds of morn,
And those that chaunt the evening lay ;
While the blue pillar'd clouds adorn
The skies, where vivid lightnings play.

Give us the splendid evening bow,
The seal of Noah's ancient flood,
And let the gentle zephyrs blow,
While flow'ry fields their fragrance shed.

Amid this scene of pure delight,
Let Stella in the vale appear ;
Whose charms much more allure the sight,
Than all the blossoms of the year.

O for an artist then, to draw,
For me, the landscape where she roves ;
That, when perplex'd with life's employ,
My mind may view her in the groves.

A SCRAP.

RELIGION has a balm for ev'ry woe ;
It heals the wounds, that sin inflicts ;
It points the soul to pleasures here below,
And heav'n and endless bliss predicts.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the French of Monsieur DE SÉCUR.

BY GEORGE DYER.

THINK not, tho' gaily flows the lay,
Too meanly of the tuneful Art ;
Song claims the right to flirt and play,
Nor less can act the moral's part.

Mirth, tho' it sprightly trips along,
The weightier truth shall lift to light ;
And hence I learn to reverence Song,
While still its milder charms delight.

The Samian Prince, that Prince severe,
His people rul'd with iron hand.
Great was his power, and great their fear,
None durst resist the dread command.

Anacreon charm'd the tyrant down,
And touch'd his heart, and wak'd desire,
Such force have tender numbers shewn,
And hence I love the tender Lyre.

The rose, ere yet its leaves unfold,
Requires the Sun's enlivening ray ;—
And, would you warm the heart when cold ?
Then wake the Love inspiring lay.

Ah ! little aids the prose told tale,
Deck'd in no charm, nor warm with fire—
But Love in verse, shall seldom fail,
And therefore will I bless the Lyre.

Behold the man of dauntless brow,
Who knows no measure in his crimes ;
To stoic rules he scorns to bow,
He dreads no censor of the times.

But ridicule, should it reprove,
Inflicts the long remember'd smart,
And hence the darts of verse I love,
For they can reach the guilty heart.

When griefs and cares perplex my breast,
To books I ran to seek relief :
But PLATO could not yield me rest,
And SENECA brought no relief.

More, PRIOR, one sweet rhyme of thine,
Than all the seven old fables please :—
Still then thy playful Song be mine ;
For Song the troubled soul shall ease.

Part of TICKELL's Poem, on the death of Mr. AD-
DISON, dedicated to the Earl of Warwick.

IF dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath
stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires !
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave !

How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and through walks of
kings ;

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we
bend,

Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould be-
low ; [held ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire
In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd :
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to
heaven ;

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

By Dr. Perfell.

UNDERNEATH this bending briar,
Interr'd by neither Priest nor Friar,
Reposeth honest Tim,
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep ;
Melpomene, thou ne'er canst weep
A worthier cur than him.

No *fin* had Tim of any sort ;
His *virtues* might have grac'd a court ;
He liv'd Matilda's pride :
And never fill'd with tears her eye,
Or caus'd her lovely breast to sigh,
Alas ! but when he died.

ANECDOTE.

MR. Colt, superintendant of the canal at
Fort Stanwix, being provoked at an Irishman,
gave him a sturdy kick. 'By St. Patrick,'
retorted the Hibernian, if you kick so while
you are a *Colt*, what will you do, when you
become a *Horse* ?

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